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1888

CHILDREN OF AUTUMN

MAUD HUMPHREY

EDITH M. THOMAS.

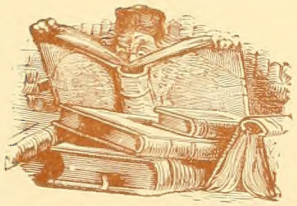
CHILDREN OF AUTUMN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS
AND MONOTINT BY

MAUD HUMPHREY

VERSES BY

EDITH M. THOMAS



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September.

Count all the plumes of golden-rod,
That by the country roadsides nod;
Count all the little feathery blooms
That make the golden-rod's gay plumes—

So many times I love this sprite,
With sun-burnt cheeks and eye-beams bright,
Who shoulder-deep in yellow flowers,
Spends all the lazy sunshine hours.

The finches, dressed in gold and black,
Are always flitting on his track,
And sometimes frolic spiders lay
Their tickling webs across his way!

Edith M. Thomas.

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October the Artist.

October is an artist rare,
He paints new pictures, every day;
His colors come from who knows where?—
Red, orange, purple, misty gray:
He touches first the maple leaf
Which biting frosts have brought to grief.

He paints the grass, and every vine
That clambers over fence or wall:
His hazel eyes mischievous shine,
For when the leaves begin to fall,
He makes them dance around, around,
In elfin rings along the ground!

Edith M. Thomas.

The Holly.

As dreaming by my fire I sat,
I heard a merry din;
The door I opened wide; at that,
A stranger-child stepped in.
He wore a fleecy, warm, white hat
Tied round his dimpled chin.

Green leaves and berries red he brought;
His face and voice were jolly:—
"I have no flowers, but these, I thought,
Would cure your melancholy.
I'll sing a song, that I've been taught,—
It's called, 'Heigh ho, the Holly!'"

Edith M. Thomas.

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